

A COOL COOK STOVE

July days are apt to be hot, and cooking over the steel range is hotter.

GASOLINE AND OIL STOVES

do away with kitchen discomforts. We are showing several sizes and styles of these stoves, some of which we are closing out at cost in order to discontinue the line. Ask for prices.

CHURCHILL HARDWARE CO.

The Winchester Store

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Baby Buggy. Inquire at 737 W. Lane.

FOR SALE—Milk goat giving 3 quarts daily. Phone 47-11.

SLAB WOOD for sale, \$3 per tier in 3-tier lots. Phone 47-15.

TWO 7-year-old Jersey cows for sale, bedrock price. Phone 3202.

FOR SALE—150 thousand Broccoli plants, cheap. E. A. Hubbard, Dillard, Ore.

FOR SALE—Early St. Valentine brocoli plants. Phone 5-F13, D. C. McGehee.

FOR SALE—Royal Anne and Black Tartarian cherries. A. J. Bellows, West Roseburg.

FOR SALE—Chester White male hog, 16 mos. old. C. W. Hess, 1 mile west of Canyonville.

FOR SALE—A purebred Holstein bull calf for \$25. Address box 165, R. F. D. 1, Roseburg, Ore.

GOOD Husky Broccoli plants for sale, Ashby strain. S. W. Leake, Dixonville. Phone 19-F23, evenings.

FOR SALE—Hotel in good condition and doing good business. For full particulars write T. E. Smith, Prop., Wallawa, Ore.

FOR SALE—Modern 5-room house at 225 E. Oak St. Want house moved from present location. If you own a lot, investigate. M. E. Ritter.

FOR SALE—Choice February hatched O. A. C. Barred Rock and McRae strain R. I. pullets from accredited and B. W. D. tested eggs. Douglas Park Stock Ranch, Sutherlin.

FOR SALE—Fox hounds, two years old, coyote or varmint tree dogs; pups, Fox hound or half Fox and half Blood hound, from the best of varmint strain. W. H. Dinamore, Sheridan, Ore.

WANTED

WANTED—100 head of young ewes. R. Fate, Myrtle Creek. Phone 1402.

HIGH school girl wants work during summer. Write Audrey Porter, Rt. 2, Box 126.

AS USEFUL COMPANION, in business or otherwise, apply Mrs. Ireland, 246 N. Rose.

FOR RENT

WELL furnished apartment, close in, rent reasonable, 331 S. Main.

FOR RENT—Good 4-room house, very convenient, 871 Hoover St.

FOR RENT—4-room furnished apartment, garage, 428 Pitzer St.

FOR RENT—Good 6-room house, freshly kaleminded, 726 Mosher.

FOR RENT—5-room modern house, electric range, furnace, garage. Phone 312-R.

FOR RENT—Nine-room house, close in, newly papered and painted inside throughout. Page Lbr. and Fuel Co. Phone 242.

FOUND—Old style gold brooch. Owner may have same by calling at this office and identifying and paying for ad.

MISCELLANEOUS

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 553 when in need of auto parts. Swift's Auto Wrecking House.

"HOLY MAN" PROMISES TO MAKE MONEY GOLD

BOMBAY, India, June 23—A pseudo "holy man" is engaging the attention of the Bombay police. The simple faith of the Indian native enables him to reap a rich harvest.

Posing as a religious mendicant endowed with the gift of magic, he claims to have been given power by the goddess of good fortune that enables him to turn money into gold.

Visiting native houses, he induces the women to make a present of their jewelry to the goddess, a pot of honey. This pot, he tells, and in return present them with them, must be placed under the doorstep and after two days it would be turned to gold, and on top of the gold the family jewelry, returned by the goddess.

Will clean all kinds of wood finish. Carpets, rugs, window washing. Make them look like new. Good references. Charles Danis. Phone 51-J.

Try our buttermilk—it's different. Roseburg Dairy. Phone 126.

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Jungle Breath

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by Ben Lucien Burman

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Lincoln Nunnally, elderly American chemist, mysteriously summoned to the queer little jungle-bordered town of Porto Verde, in west central Brazil, encounters an old friend, Vilak, who tells him it was he who had sent for him.

Vilak's cousin, Elise Marberry, an American girl, owns a coffee plantation and other land near Porto Verde and has received mysterious warnings to get out of the country. Vilak is alarmed, because several deaths already have occurred and the superstitious natives think some supernatural force is at work.

The day Nunnally arrives another man is killed. Tony Barberry, one of Elise Marberry's foremen. He had been hit with a club in the hands of Limey Botta, another foreman. Before he died a strange paralysis took hold of him, and Vilak confides to Nunnally that he is certain Limey Botta, though he may have struck the victim, was not the murderer.

That evening Vilak induces Nunnally to come with him on a visit to the house of Gaylord Prentiss, a reclusive and forbidding man, known to be an enemy of Elise. Vilak believes Prentiss is somehow involved in the mysterious deaths.

Before going to Prentiss' place, Vilak and Nunnally call on Elise Marberry. After a few minutes, Vilak demands of Elise what took place in her house that afternoon and she tells him all the files on her place have been stolen. Her overseer, Adolf Schwartz, advises her to leave the country.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY

Vilak made a quick tour of the building, then closely examined the door. "Good lock, all right," he murmured. "Open it, please."

The little German obeyed, exposing a white stone interior, filled with electric wire, storage batteries, detonators, the delicate, more expensive parts of machinery which might prove too much of a temptation to the natives if left in the ordinary warehouses. The floor was bare except for the few drifting leaves inescapable in this region of superabundant vegetation.

But a tiny scrap of green, which to the old man seemed just another leaf, caught Vilak's eye. He picked it up and when the German's attention was concentrated elsewhere put it carefully in his pocket. They strolled outside again.

In a few moments they had left the putting Schwartz, and were once more inside Elise's brilliant living room.

"Did you go to see Prentiss yesterday as you intended?" Vilak asked as he leaned over and caught a brilliant fly creeping dangerously close to a spider web in the corner. He tangled the insect's legs in the web an instant.

Elise watched him wonderingly. "What are you doing that cruel thing for?" she protested.

"I'm being kind, not cruel," he retorted. "I am trying to show it the error of its ways and by demonstrating that webs are dangerous for it, save it from crawling to an unhappy end, but it won't learn."

He lifted it from the web and set it on the floor. In a moment it was again crawling toward the web, in another the spider had swooped down and before Vilak could protest, snail it. "It's a cruel law, nature's law, the jungle law, or whatever you want to call it. And the closer we are men to it so the more cruel we are. Spider kills fly, frog kills spider, little snake kills frog, big snake kills little snake, man kills big snake or another little man. Did you go to see Prentiss?"

She nodded. "After all, we are the only Americans here, and I tell like a beast for not trying to do something for him. As far as I am concerned he can have the land he's on for good. I won't dispute it."

"Did you see him?"

"Yes—and no." She was silent a moment. "I shan't try again—alone."

Vilak grunted. "Humph—what happened?"

"He came running out of his house, opened the gate, and set that enormous mastiff of his on me. If I hadn't been a fairly good tree climber it wouldn't have been very pleasant."

Vilak took out his cigarette case and smoked thoughtfully. Nunnally and Elise talked quietly. The old man was enchanted by her charm and intelligence. He added his persuasions to those of her cousin that she leave Porto Verde as quickly as possible, either to return to the United States or to take up her residence in some civilized part of Brazil. She only shook her head smilingly. The talk drifted to their plans for the night and then to Prentiss again. Elise, at her cousin's urging, decided to go to see him. She was to be his guest, and she would go with them.

Vilak heard. His aunt, odd-shaped head jerked forward. "News to me," he murmured. "Afraid I'll have to contradict it."

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and lazily read a novel. I'm not going to do it any longer. I can't with a clear conscience. I'm responsible for bringing you down here. The Victorian period is over. That's the one thing that you, with all your wisdom, can't seem to understand. A woman's as good as a man, as bad as a man, as brave as man."

Vilak put a pellet of betel on his tongue and rose to go. "The heavy door now open wide, the foolish wives to foolish freedom stride," he quoted.

"Talk away, if sarcasm makes you feel more superior. But with all due respect to you it won't change my intention in the slightest. I'm going—must you insist on chewing that dreadful betel?"

"Sorry, I must. And with equal regret I must also announce that you shall not come with us. Seriously," he said with finality as he neared the door. "I'm not in the slightest doubting your courage or questioning your intelligence, for which I have the highest admiration. I simply have a very strong conviction—fundamentally it may be based on prejudice, I admit—that whenever women have any connection with crime except as a motive, trouble quickly follows."

"I can't take you with me. Try to understand. And knowing your disposition I might add that if you attempt to follow, you'll be endangering all of us, mostly yourself. I'll be compelled to send you back just as you throw rocks at your dog who insists on following you down the road. Not because you don't love your dog, and wouldn't like to have him along, but because you know the chances are that he'll be killed by an automobile. Now please be sensible."

He pressed her hand gently, strolled to the door and returned with a bundle, part of which he gave to the old man, part of which he put on the floor at his feet. "There are boots and gloves for you, Nanny," he said. "Get into them. I know you'll tell me it's hot but put it on anyway."

He helped the old man into his saddle, leaped in himself, and waving a half-amused, half-troubled goodbye to his cousin who stood peering after them, a delicate silhouette against the barred door, set off to the road again.

They retraced their route until they neared the bridge which crossed the river. A red glow showed a few hundred yards down the railroad track. "Queer," said Vilak. "Never saw that before. Let's have a look at it."

They stepped their horses nearer and through the brush saw five or six torches burning brightly, by the light of which some twenty or thirty men were hurrying about pitching a tent. They were the customary motley of black Indian, half-breed, with a occasional curly individual who appeared to be white. They were clad in the nondescript clothing of the typical Brazilian laborer, here a once brilliant purple shirt hanging out over vivid green branches, there a tattered strip of cloth which had been manufactured as an American suit of underwear.

Most were the dregs of their

race, with cruel eyes and vicious, degenerate faces. The teeth of some of the Indians had been filed into sharp points. "Must be section hands," Vilak remarked. "Those in the States aren't the gentlest creatures in the world but they can't hold a candle to the ones they get down here. The ocean of the country. Wonder if the railroad sent them up on account of they flood. Think I'll find out."

They dismounted, stepped through the brush and reached the open. In a little depression of the land a bright fire was burning. Nunnally looked at it. His wrinkled face became puzzled. "Er—why have they that—er—yes—that?" he asked in a whisper. "It's hot tonight—very hot. And they're not using it to—er—melt anything. It's—singular—yes—er—singular."

Vilak stared thoughtfully at the blaze. "Fires can be used for other things than heat," he answered. He bent down and drew something out of the hot embers. This he held before the chemist. "Perhaps that, for instance. Mean anything to you?"

The old man's sleepy eyes narrowed behind his glasses. All he could see was what appeared to be a small bit of charred wood no different than the other pieces of branches which formed the glowing embers. He shook his head. "No—it—er—means nothing—er—nothing."

Vilak tossed it back into the fire. (To be continued.)

There is adventure ahead of Nunnally and Vilak. The night is filled with a thousand unseen dangers.

NEW YORK, June 27.—Return of the Pona-Winnecke comet and a total eclipse of the sun—both occurring within 48 hours—will provide viewers of the heavens with an unusual treat this week. The eclipse, however, will not be visible in this country.

After a six year cruise through the heavens, the Pona-Winnecke comet will return to its nearest point tonight, while on Wednesday in northern Europe and Asia the moon will blot out the rays of the sun.

A patch of light traveling 1,000,000 miles a day in a path 3,500,000 miles from the earth is all that will be seen of the comet. It will appear in the northeastern sky.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L.

ANNIVERSARY IN JULY OF GREAT AMERICAN VICTORY

The first three days of July mark the anniversary of a battle that will always be remembered as a triumph of American courage over enormous odds—the battle of San Juan Hill in the Spanish-American War, twenty-nine years ago—points out Frederick Palmer, noted war correspondent, in an article in this week's Liberty.

Ranks thinned by illness, vitality sapped by the tropical heat of the Cuban jungle, the writer explains, the American troops were further handicapped by having to use rifles with only a third the range of the Spaniards' Mausers using smokeless powder. But the ragged army of Rough Riders, without orders and on its own initiative, swept over the larger, well-trained Spanish garrison and took the Hill. "Not so large the numbers in the battle of San Juan Hill," the writer

Pure whole milk and it's pasteurized. Roseburg Dairy Phone 164.

POULTRY MEET JULY 6-8

The fifth annual poultryman's convention will be on the Oregon Agricultural college campus July 6-8 and the meeting of the Oregon Poultryman's association July 7.

The program will deal with economic egg production, the feeding problem and poultry farm management principally. Dr. E. V. McCollum, nutrition expert of John Hopkins university, will speak on practical nutrition of poultry.